



Yesterday's Sins 2 of 4



GUY GARDNER

YEAR ONE



BRIDGES TO CROSS!



ACTUALLY
IT MIGHT BE
KINDA FUN.

AN EVIL, MEAN AND NASTY
GUY GARDNER LET LOOSE
ON EARTH.

A GUY WITHOUT MY
SENSIBILITIES AND
MORAL CODE AND
SOLID FAMILY
VALUES.

A GUY WHO CAN
LET HIS HAIR DOWN.

DREAM a DEADLY DREAM

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TERRY BEATTY - INKER * ALBERT DE GUZMAN - LETTERER
ANTHONY TOLLIN - COLORIST * EDDIE BERGANZA - ASST. EDITOR
KEVIN DOOLEY - EDITOR

THAT'D SHOW ALL THE
DO-GOODER WIMPS
AND FLYING WUSSIES
THAT GUY WAS PULLING
HIS PUNCHES ALL THESE
YEARS.

THEY'D FIND OUT WHAT
A NO-HOLDS-BARRED
GUY GARDNER COULD
DO.

IT MIGHT BE
SWEET.

MIGHT BE FUN. I
MIGHT LIKE THAT.

GUY GARDNER,
KING OF THE HILL.

GUY GARDNER,
EARTH'S
MIGHTIEST
MORTAL.

TOO
COOL.



A GUY WHO TAKES NO GUFF WHEN HE STRUTS HIS STUFF.

A GUY WHO DOES WHAT HE WANTS, TAKES WHAT HE WANTS.

BUT HOLD ON A SECOND.

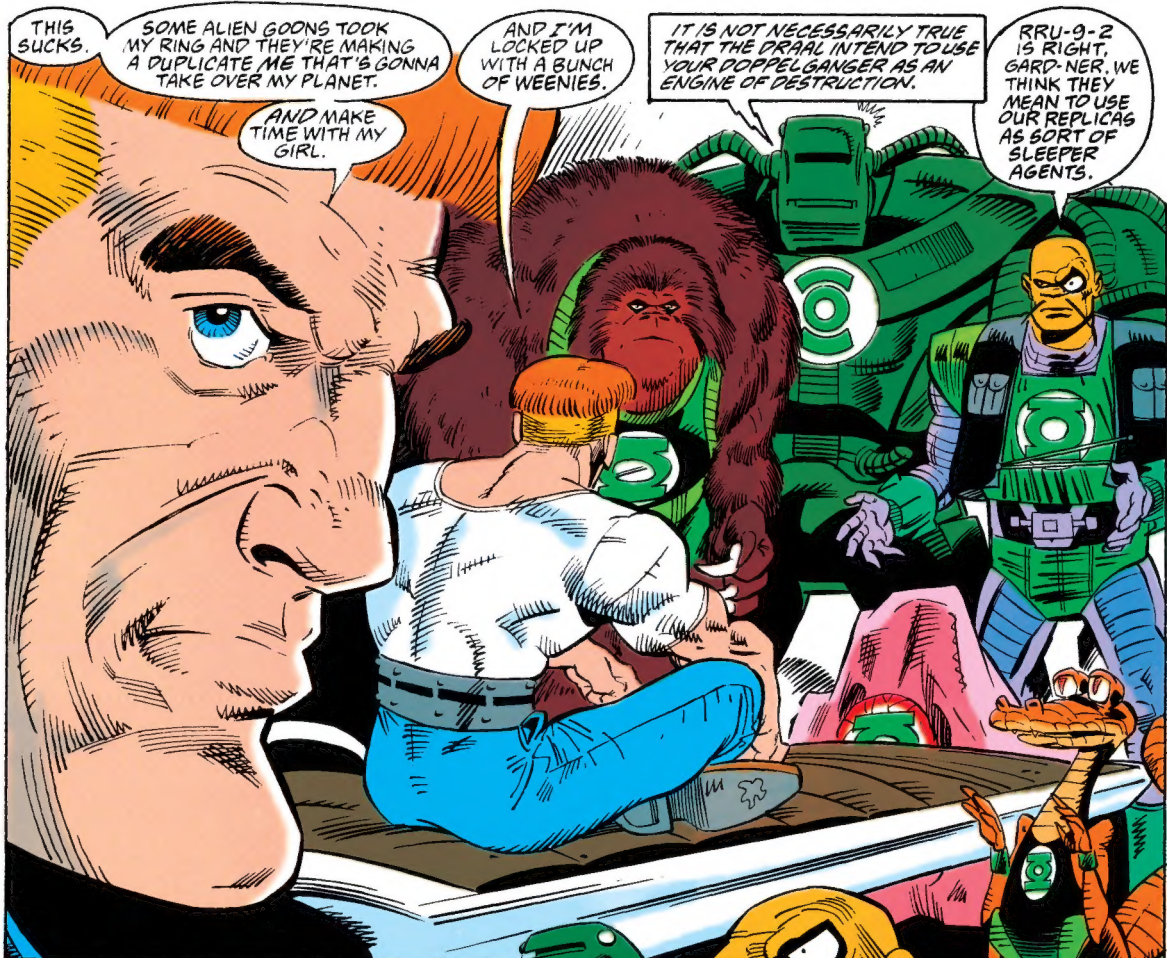
MAYBE IT'S NOT SUCH A GREAT IDEA.

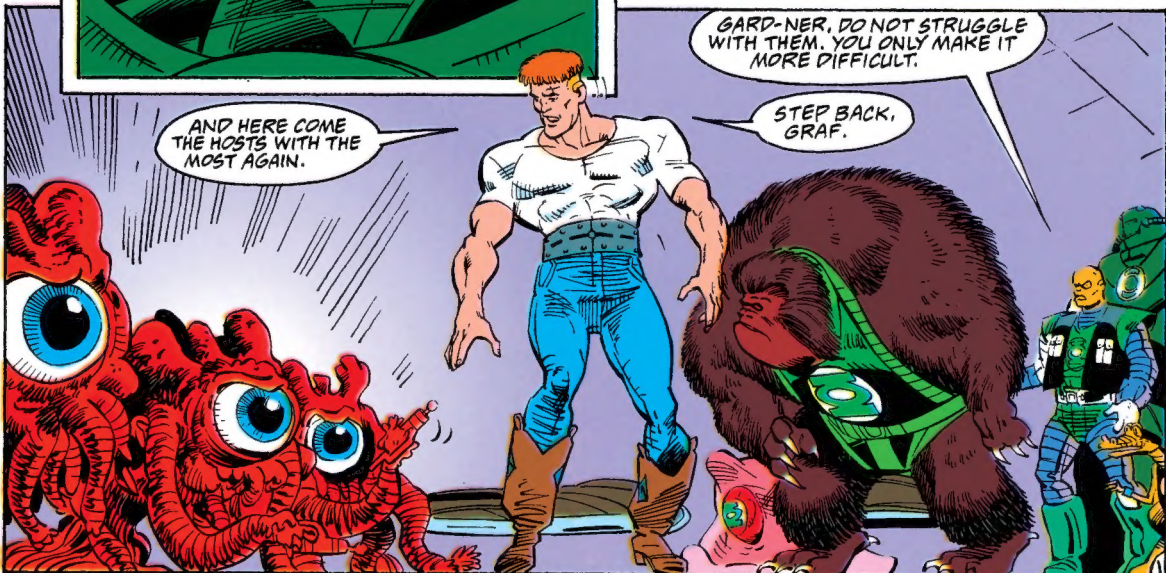
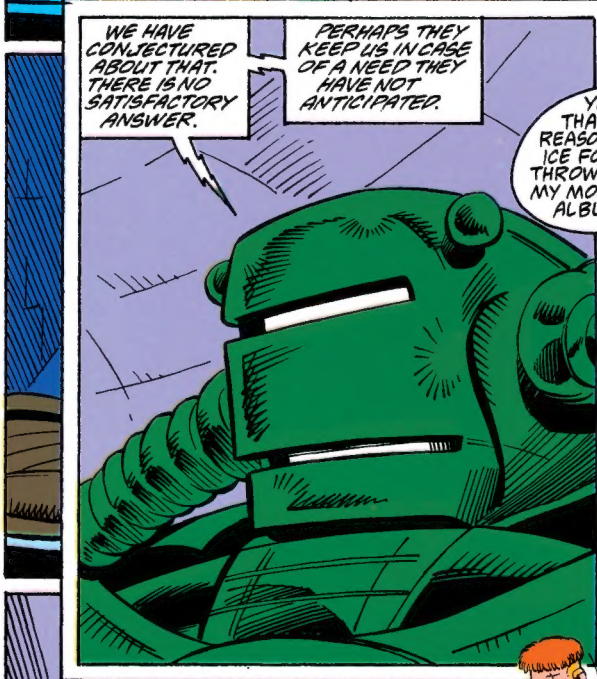
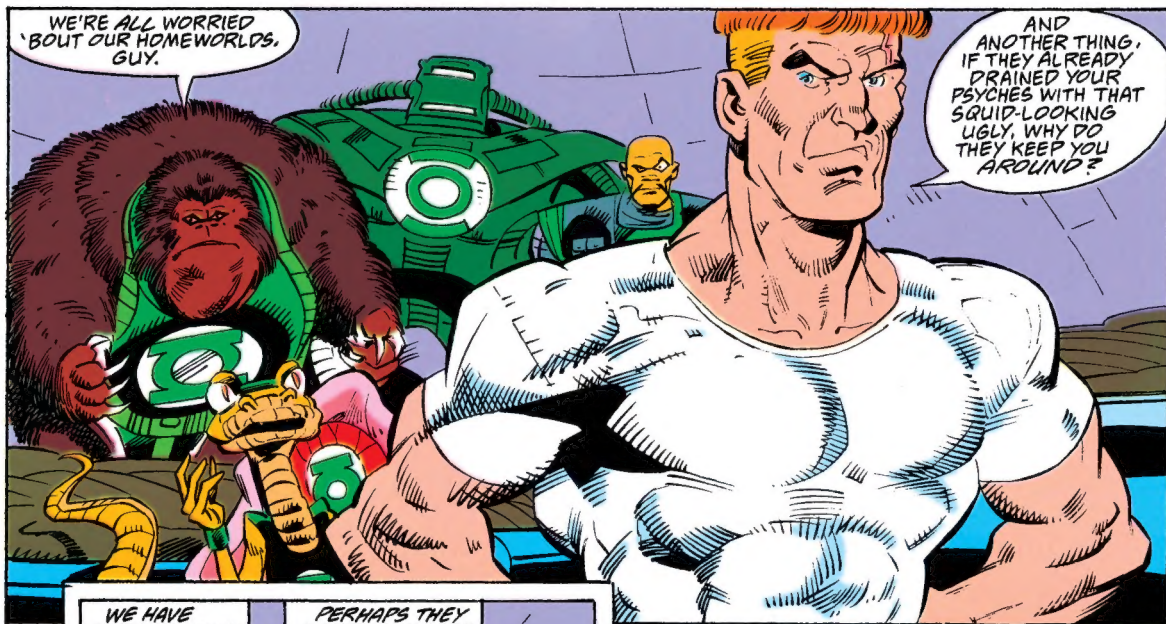
IT WOULDN'T BE ME HAVING ALL THE KICKS.

OH, GUY... I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SO...

...BRUTAL.

GUY...





HURTS LIKE HELL. EVERY NERVE ENDING TAKES THE HIT.

THE DRILLING SENSATION.

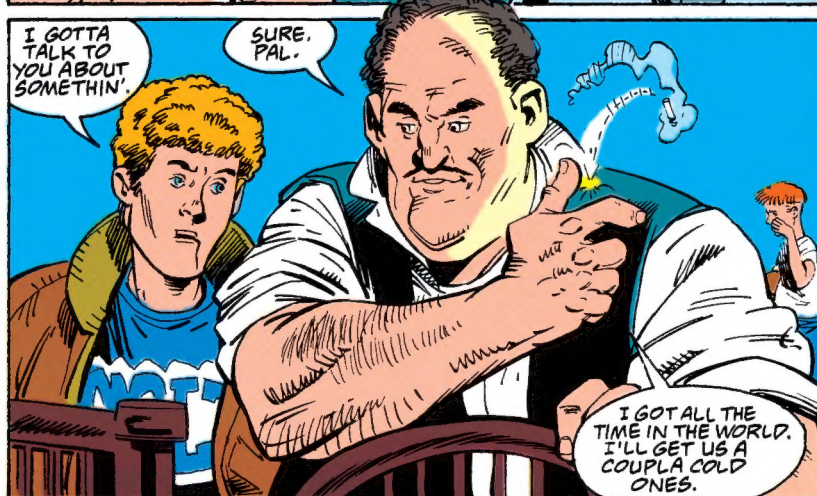
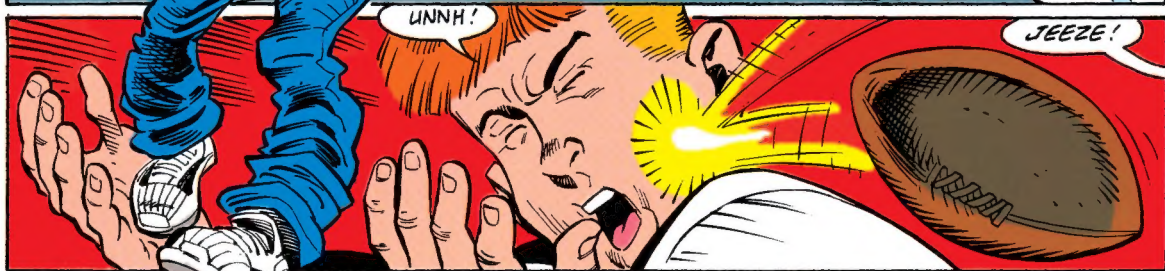
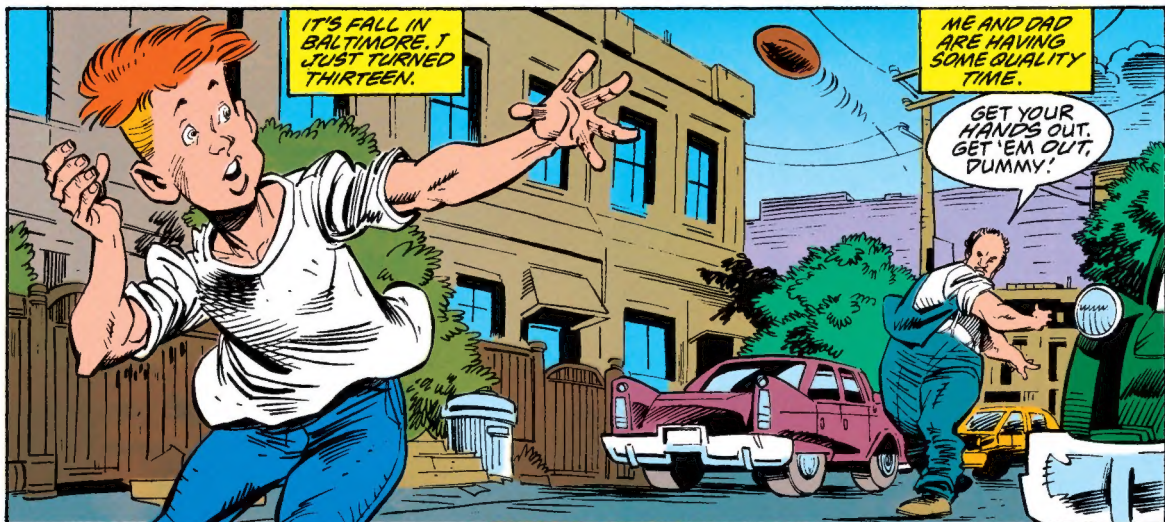
THEN NOTHING.

THEN.. WHAT?

GET UNDER IT! GET UNDER IT!

A comic book illustration showing a man with short brown hair, wearing a white short-sleeved shirt and blue wristbands, lying in a blue medical bed. He is looking up towards a large, red, multi-eyed alien creature with tentacles. The scene is set in a futuristic, blue-toned environment. The man's expression is one of concern or surprise. The alien creature has a large, prominent eye and several smaller ones. The background is a solid blue color. The man's bed has a blue frame and a white pillow. The alien creature is positioned above the man's head. The overall style is that of a classic comic book illustration.

MY DOUBLE'S A
HANDSOME S.O.B.
THOUGH, AIN'T
HE?



THE DOG GETS MORE RESPECT
AROUND THIS HOUSE THAN ME.

AND WE DON'T
EVEN HAVE A
DOG.

YUH LOOK
PRETTY SERIOUS,
SON. IS IT GIRL
TROUBLE?

NOTHIN'
LIKE THAT,
DAD.

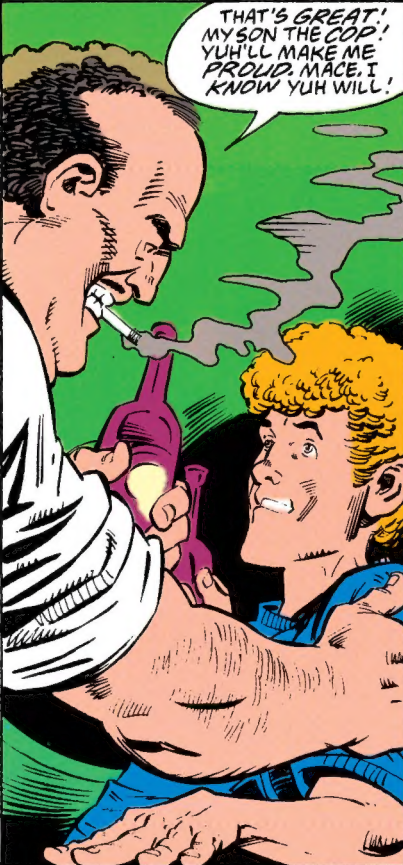
WELL, I KNOW
YOU AN' MOM WANTED
ME TO GO TO COLLEGE
AN' ALL. AN' I BEEN
THINKIN' ABOUT IT
REAL HARD, OKAY.



WELL, I
DECIDED TO
JOIN THE POLICE
ACADEMY INSTEAD.
IT'S WHAT I
WANNA DO.

SO MR. PERFECT
FINALLY SCREWS
UP.

DAD'S BEEN TALKING
ABOUT HIS BOY GOING
TO COLLEGE AS LONG
AS I CAN REMEMBER.



THAT'S GREAT!
MY SON THE COP!
YUH'LL MAKE ME
PROUD, MACE. I
KNOW YUH WILL!

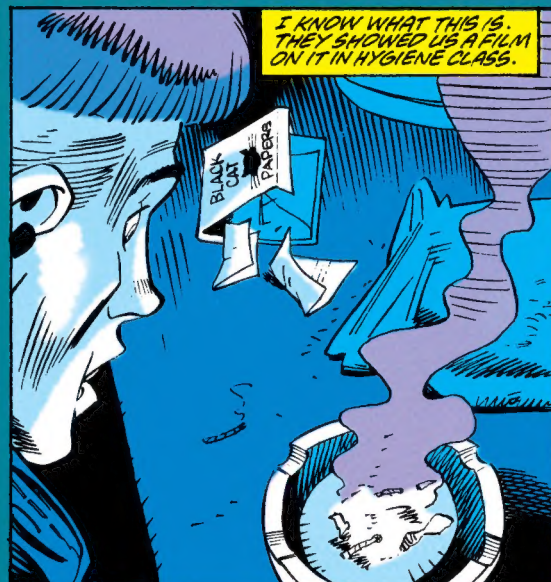


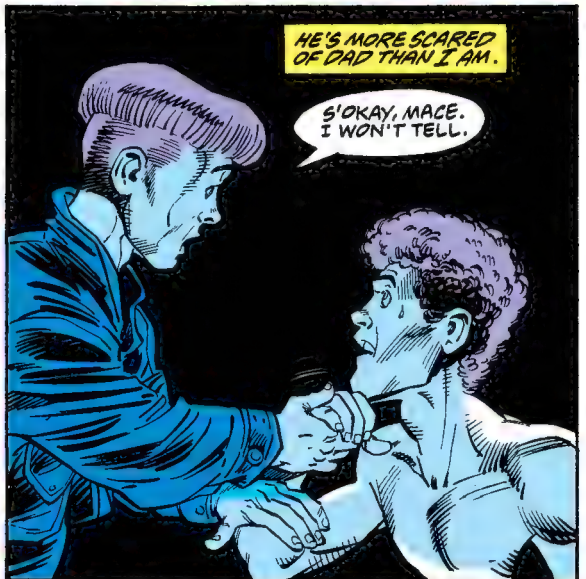
THIS IS WHERE I FIND OUT
THAT MACE JUST CAN'T LOSE.

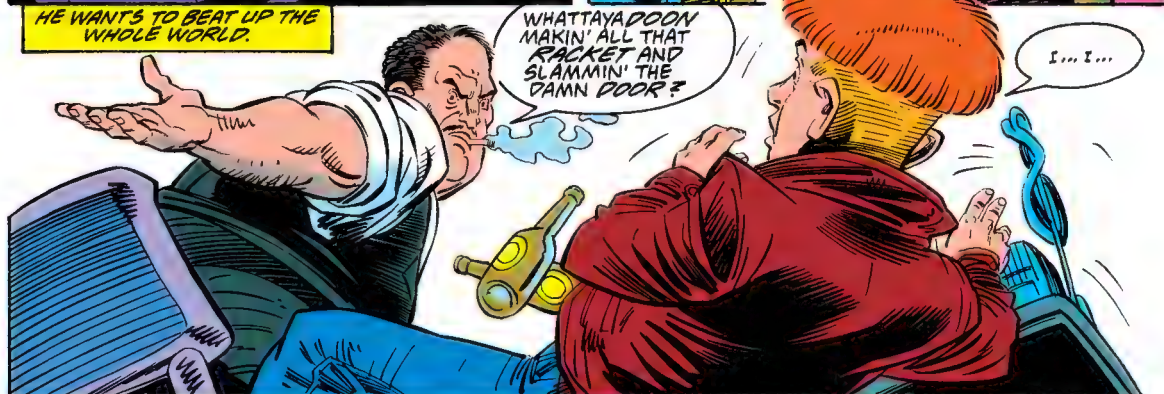
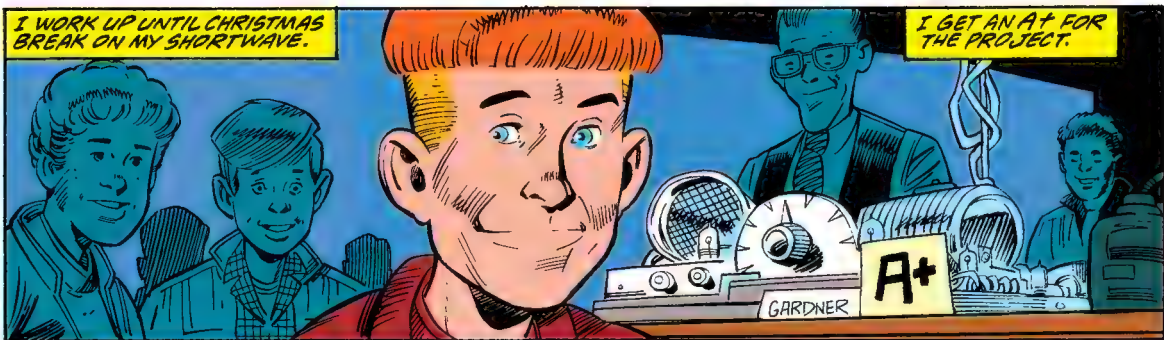


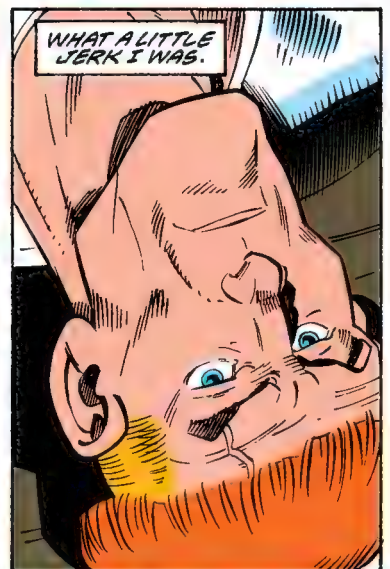
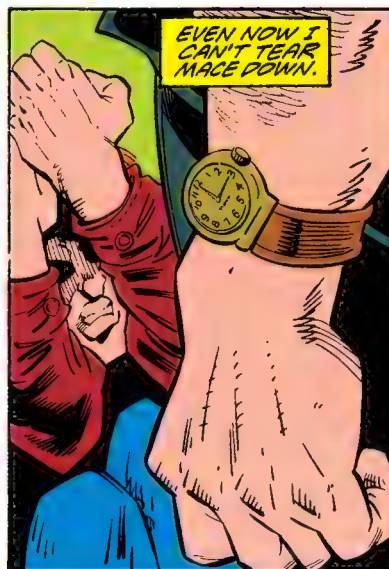
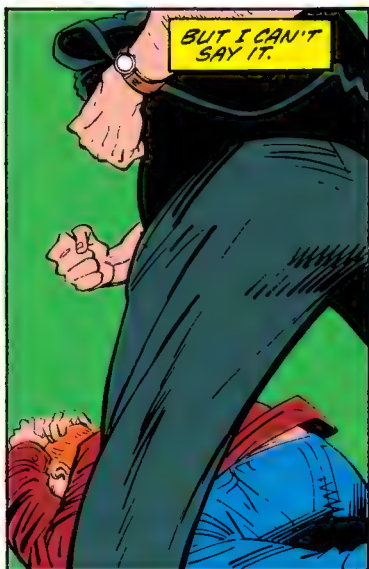
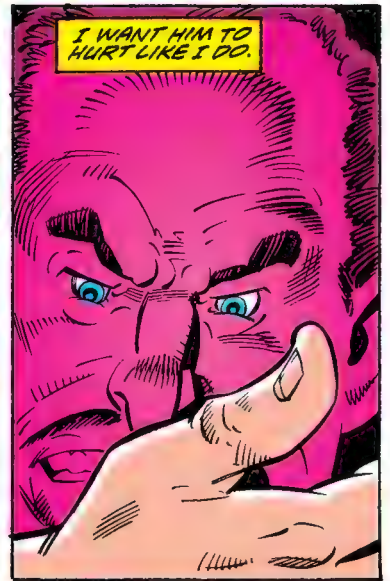
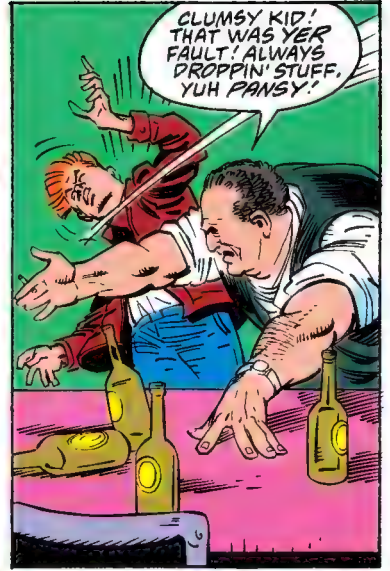
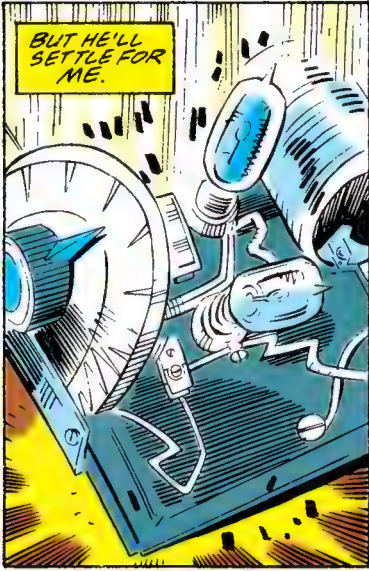
WAIT'LL
WE TELL YER
MOM!

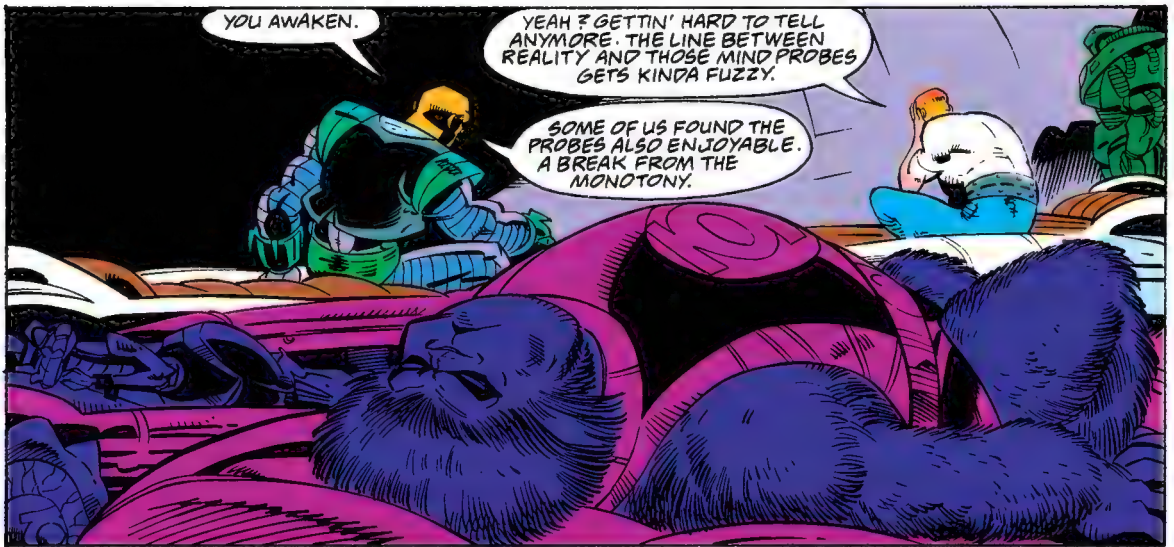
I DON'T KNOW
YET THAT I JUST
CAN'T WIN.







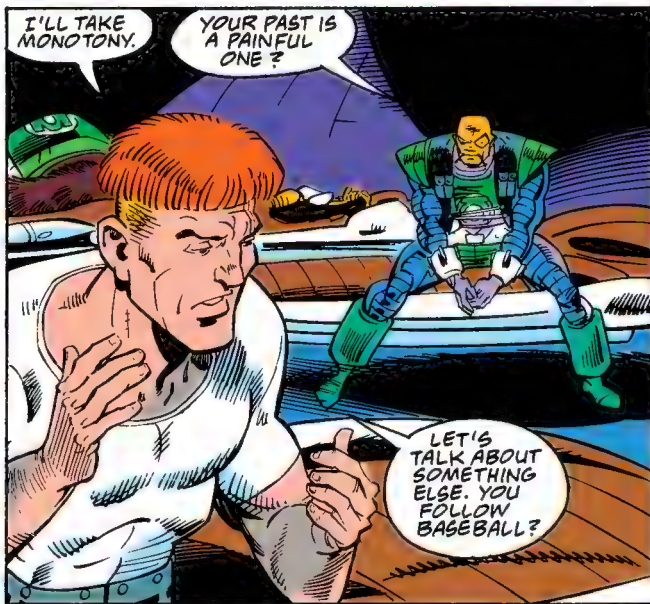




YOU AWAKEN.

YEAH ? GETTIN' HARD TO TELL ANYMORE. THE LINE BETWEEN REALITY AND THOSE MIND PROBES GETS KINDA FUZZY.

SOME OF US FOUND THE PROBES ALSO ENJOYABLE. A BREAK FROM THE MONOTONY.



I'LL TAKE MONOTONY.

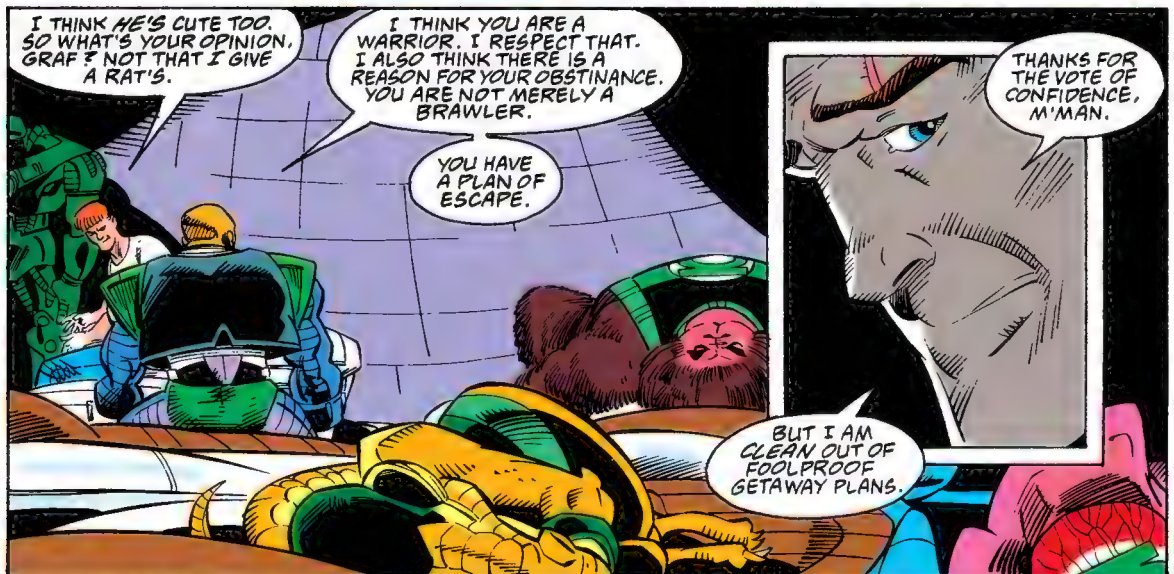
YOUR PAST IS A PAINFUL ONE ?

LET'S TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE. YOU FOLLOW BASEBALL?



THE OTHERS THINK YOU A FOOL. YOU CONTINUE TO RAIL AGAINST THE DRAAL WHEN NOTHING IS TO BE GAINED FROM IT.

ALL BUT VOZ. HE THINKS YOU ARE A HERO.



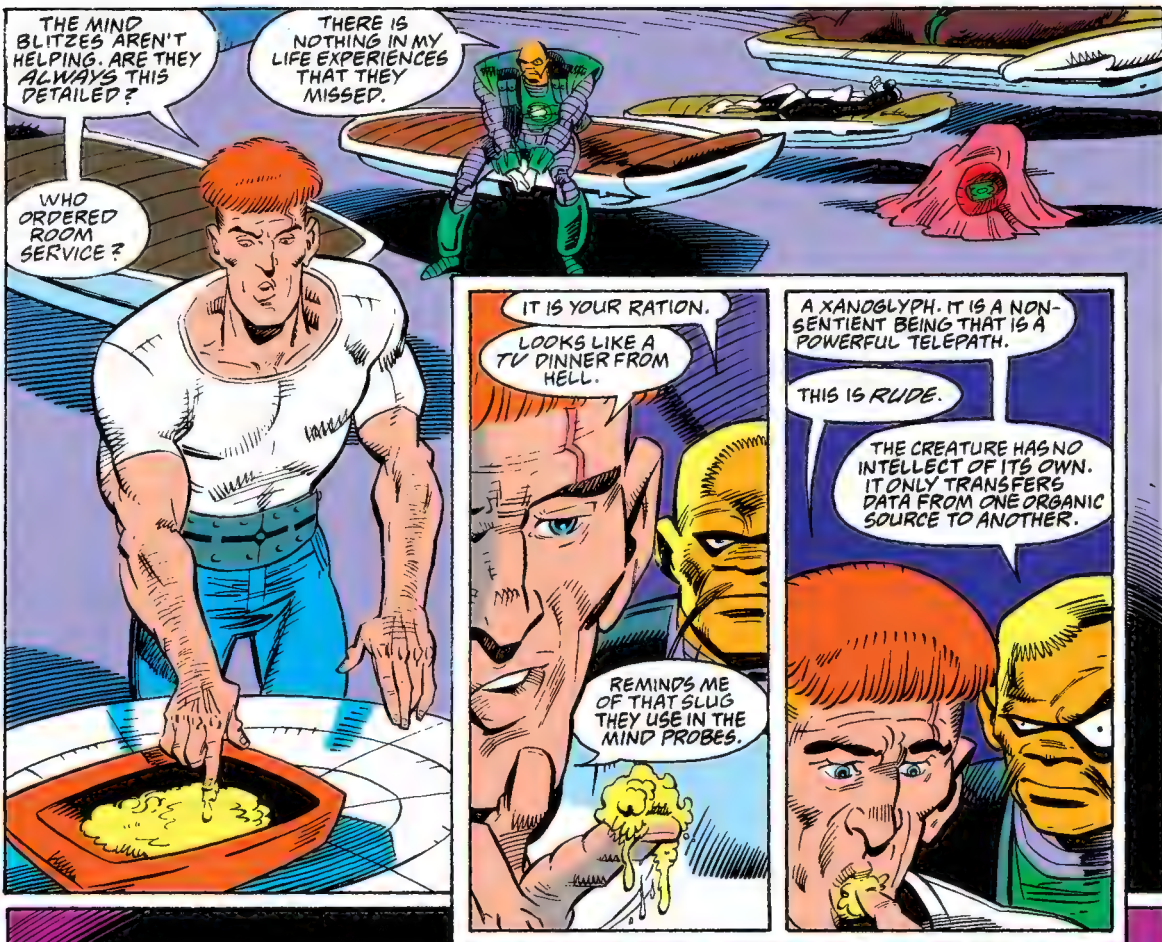
I THINK HE'S CUTE TOO. SO WHAT'S YOUR OPINION, GRAF ? NOT THAT I GIVE A RAT'S.

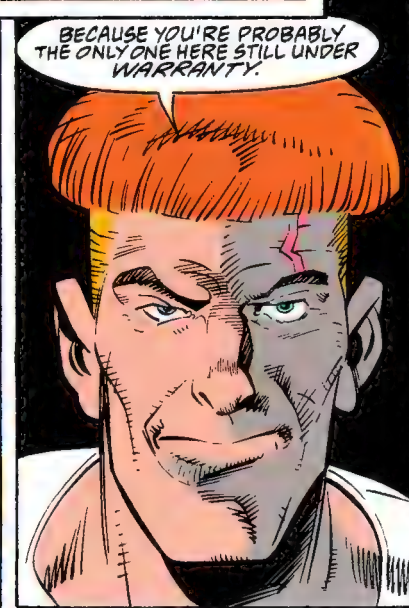
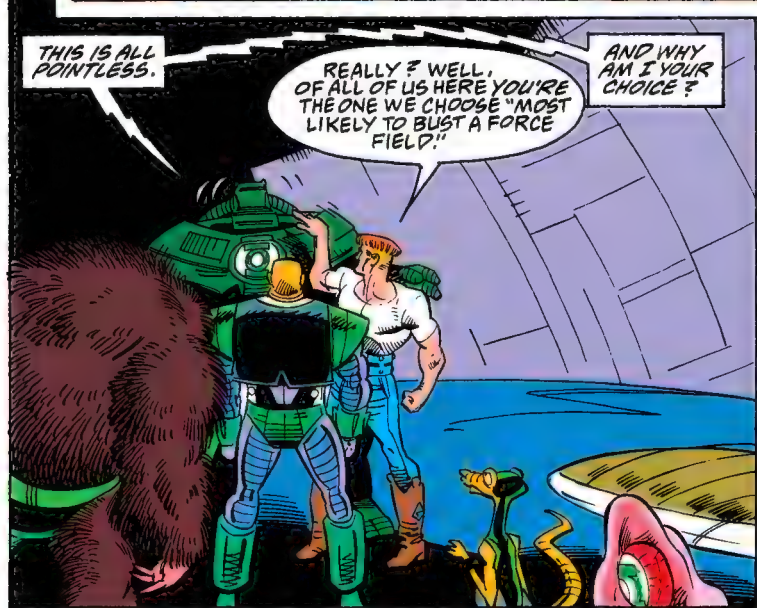
I THINK YOU ARE A WARRIOR. I RESPECT THAT. I ALSO THINK THERE IS A REASON FOR YOUR OBSTINANCE. YOU ARE NOT MERELY A BRAWLER.

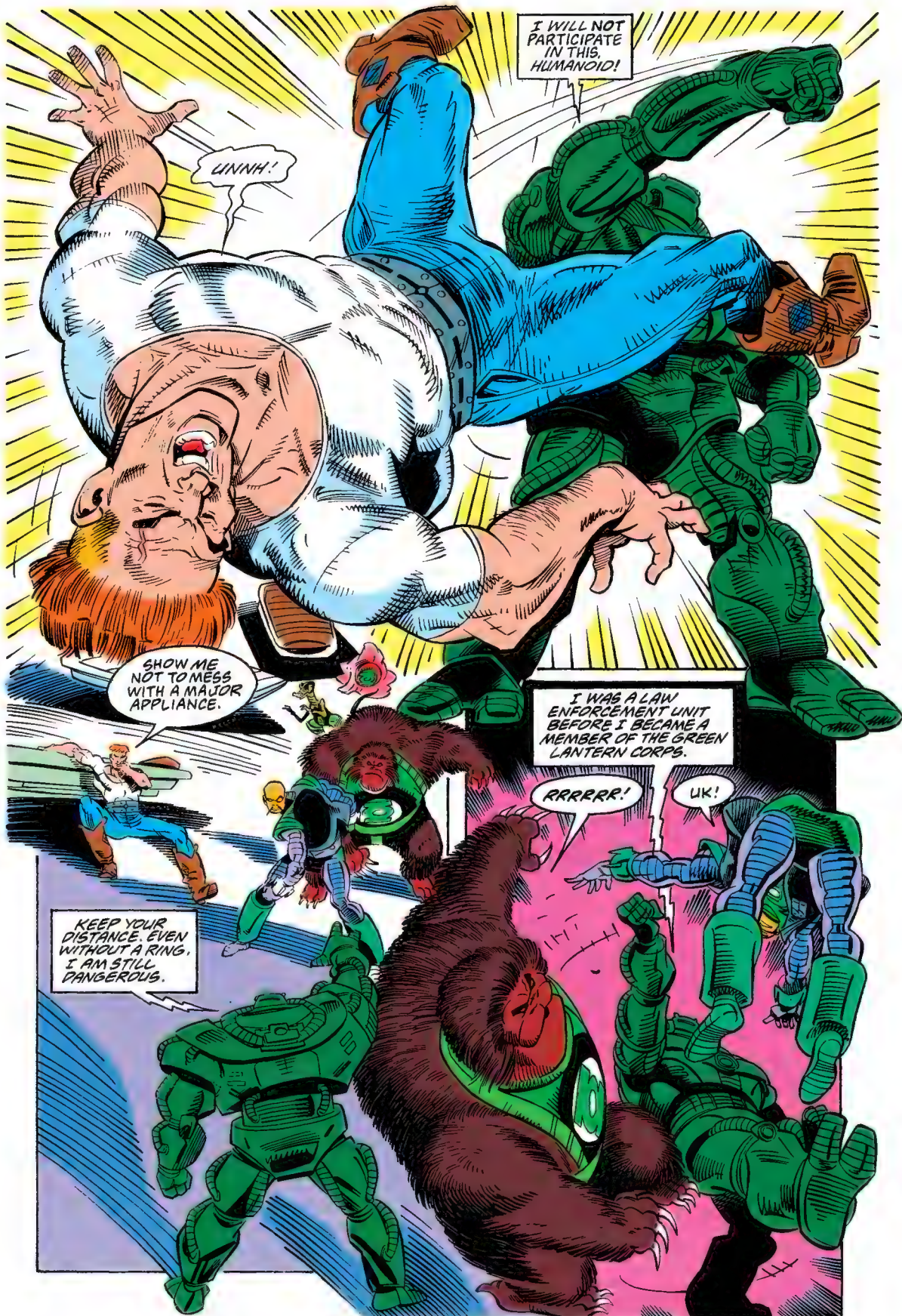
YOU HAVE A PLAN OF ESCAPE.

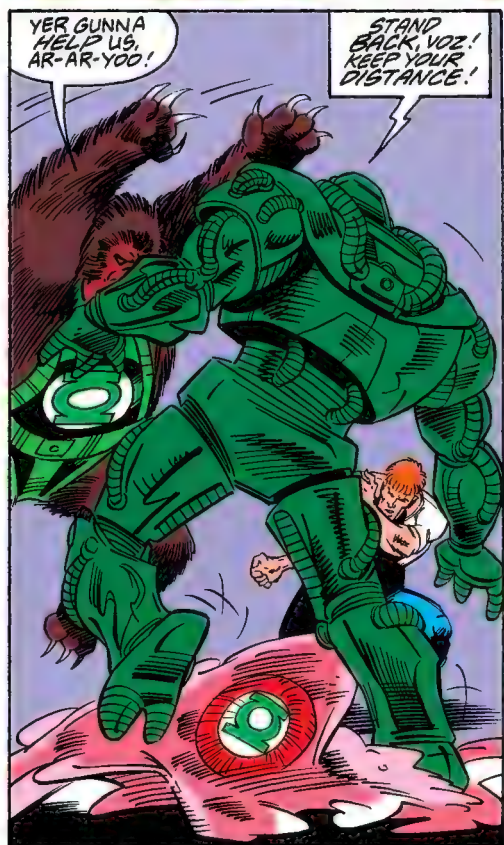
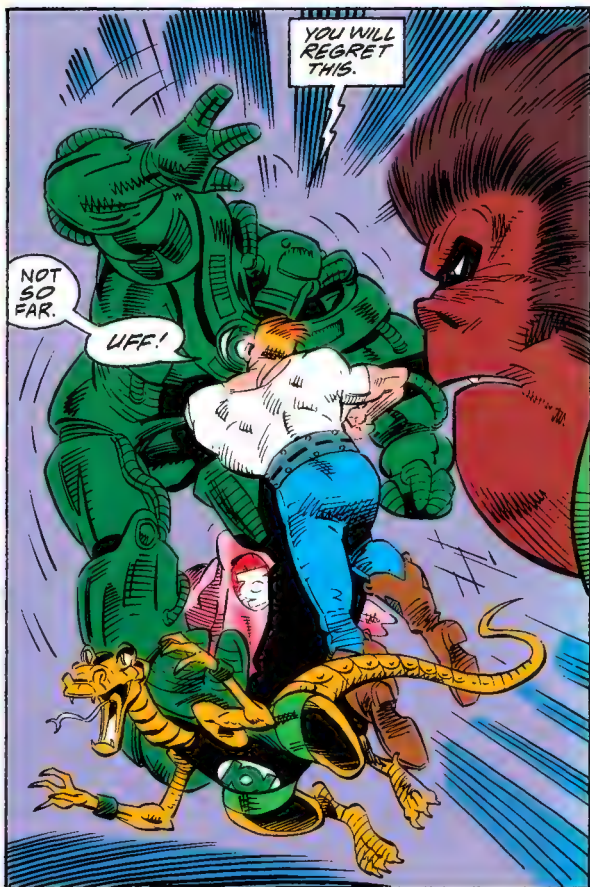
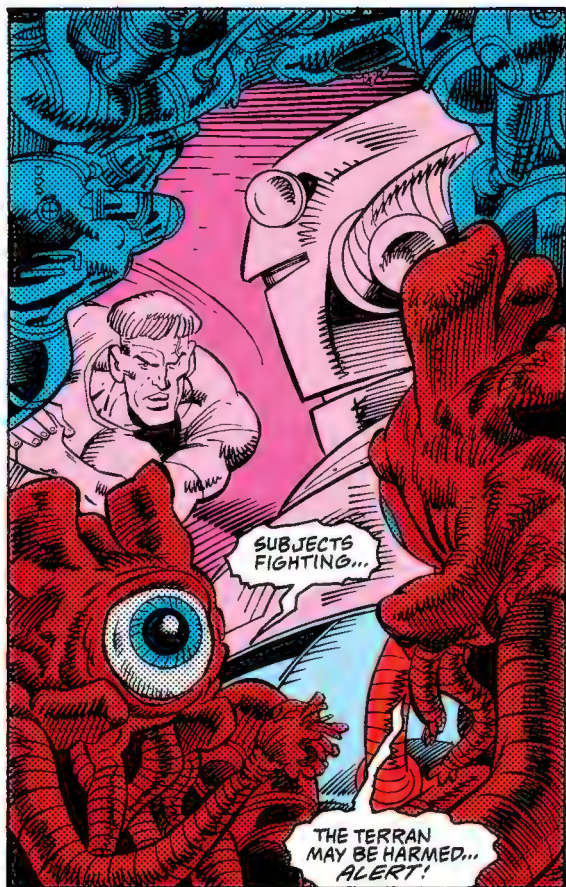
THANKS FOR THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE, M'MAN.

BUT I AM CLEAN OUT OF FOOLPROOF GETAWAY PLANS.











SORRY.

JUST GREAT, VOZ. NOT ONLY DO YOU TOTAL THE TINMAN BUT YOU GET US IN TROUBLE WITH THE BUTT-UGLIES.

SORRY.

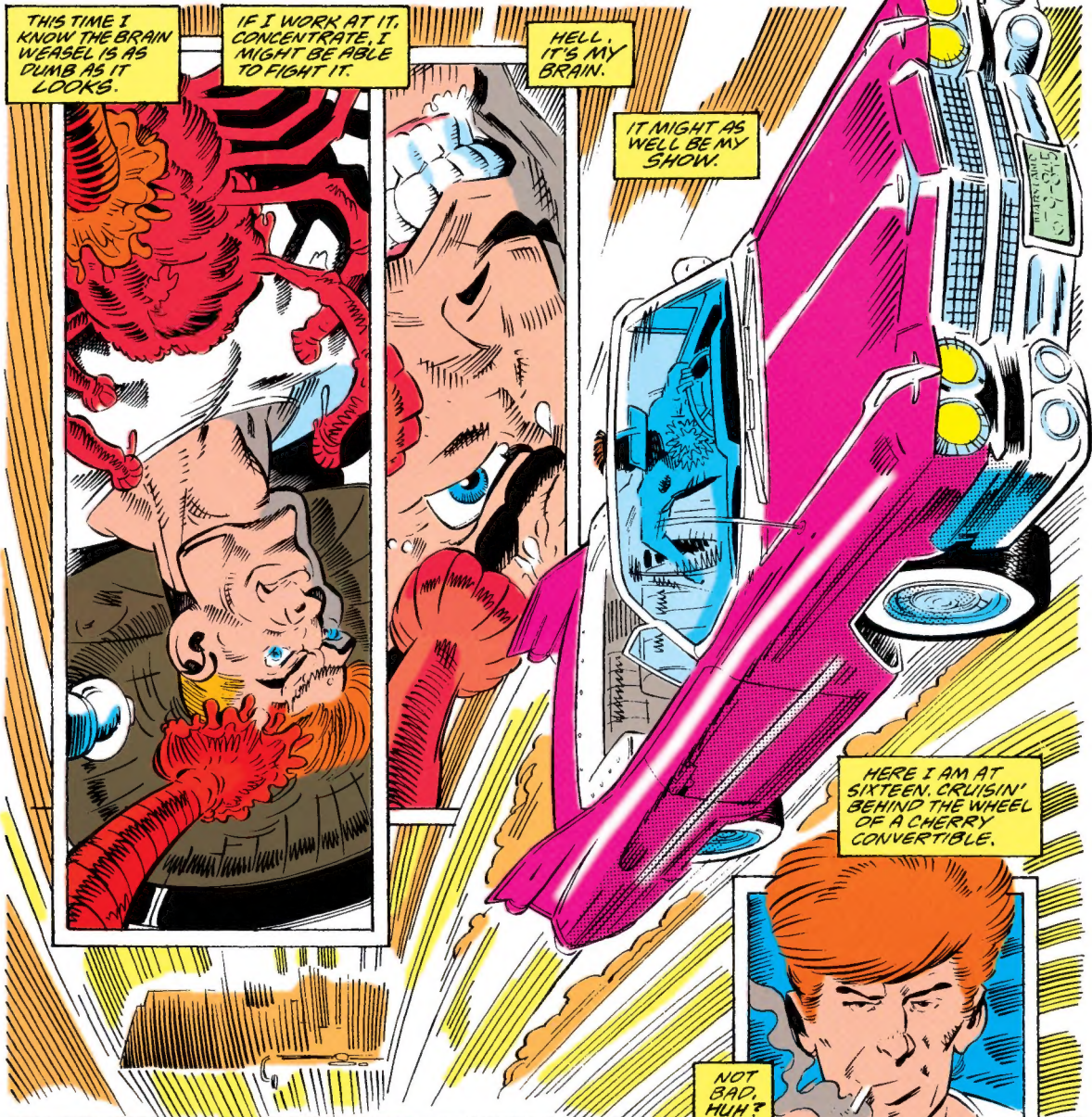
WELL, IF I'M GONNA GO TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE IT MIGHT AS WELL BE FOR A GOOD REASON.

WELAVT
LAVITLJ!

THIS EXPERIENCE
DOESN'T GET ANY
BETTER.

BACK TO THE DREAM FACTORY.

BUT THIS TIME
IT'S GONNA BE
DIFFERENT.



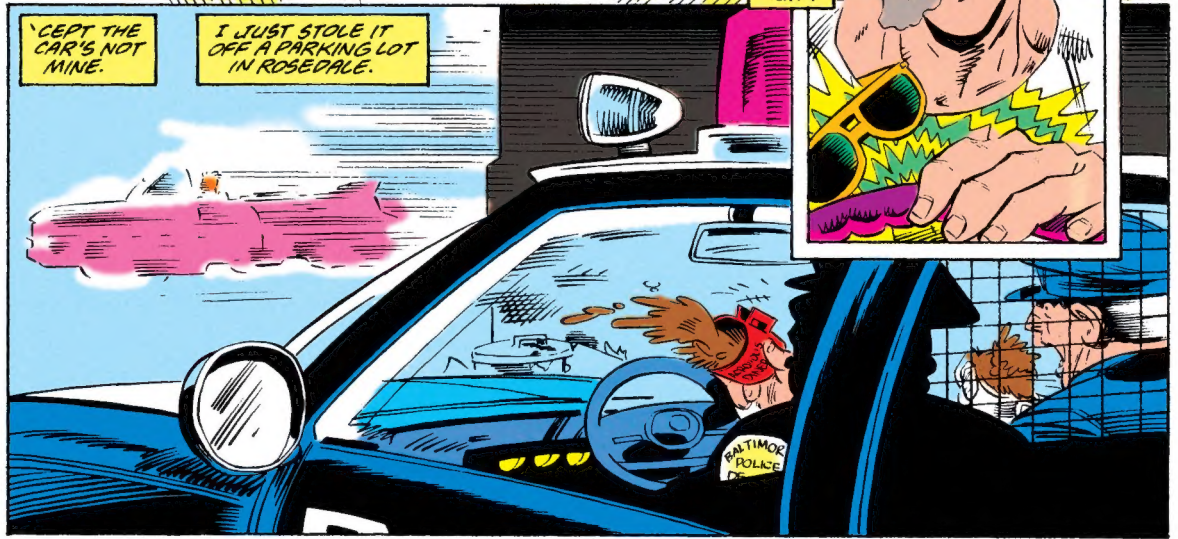
THIS TIME I
KNOW THE BRAIN
WEASEL IS AS
DUMB AS IT
LOOKS.

IF I WORK AT IT,
CONCENTRATE, I
MIGHT BE ABLE
TO FIGHT IT.

HELL,
IT'S MY
BRAIN.

IT MIGHT AS
WELL BE MY
SHOW.

HERE I AM AT
SIXTEEN, CRUISIN'
BEHIND THE WHEEL
OF A CHERRY
CONVERTIBLE.



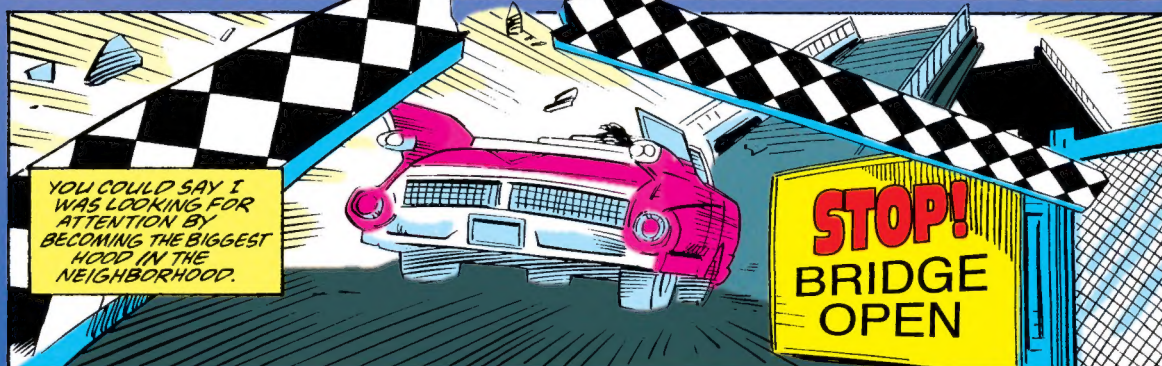
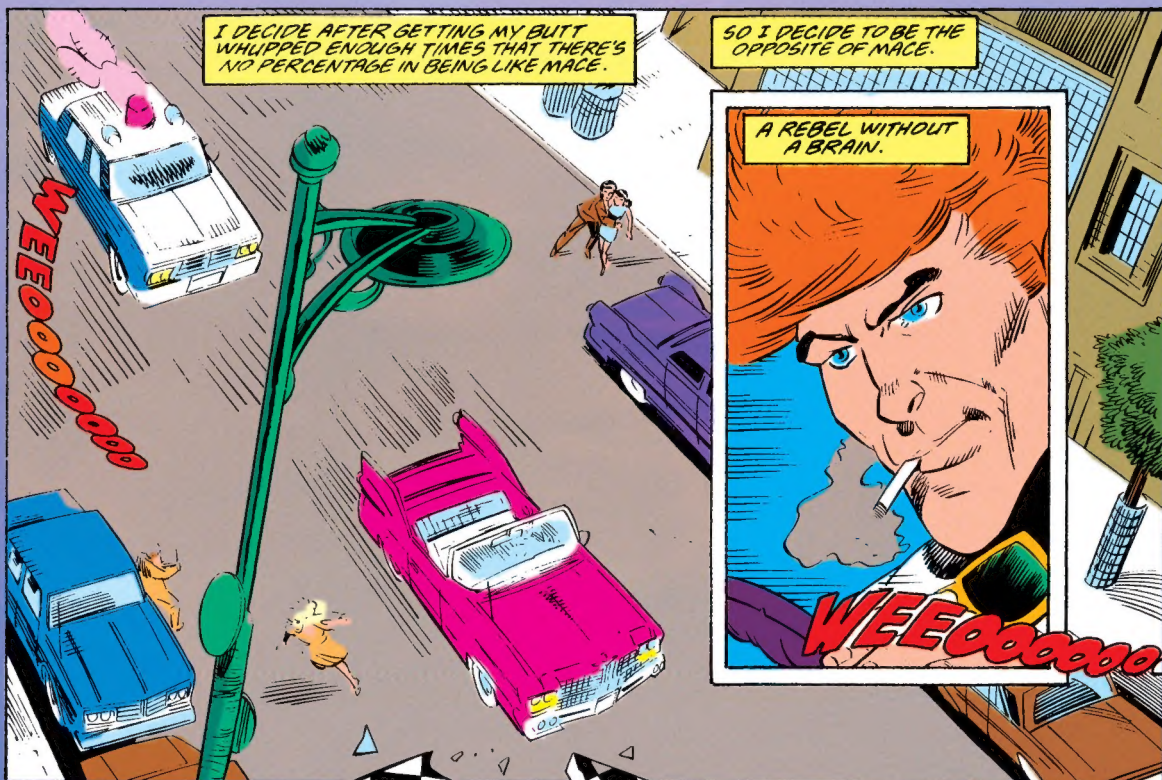
I'VEPT THE
CAR'S NOT
MINE.

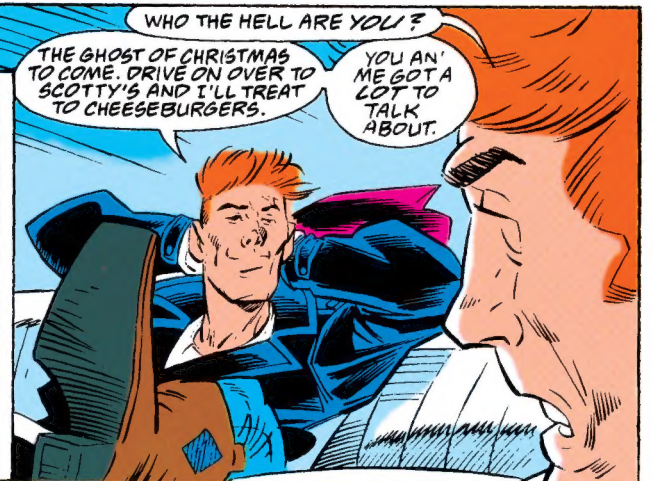
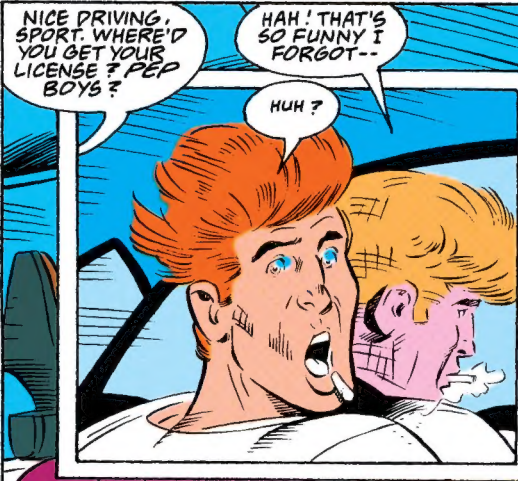
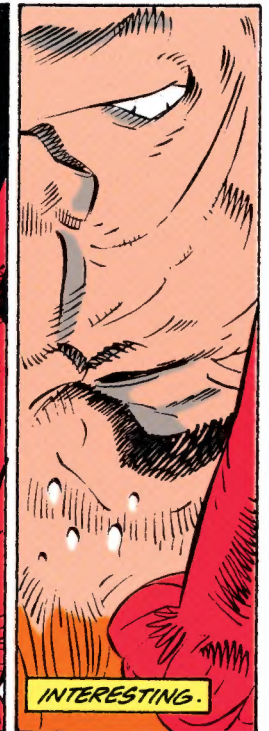
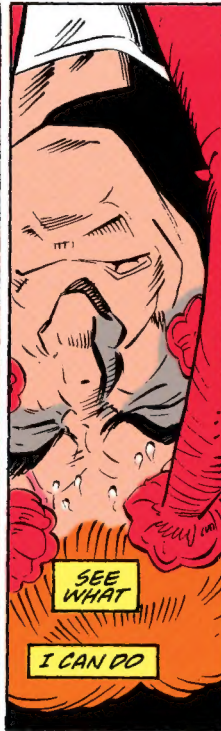
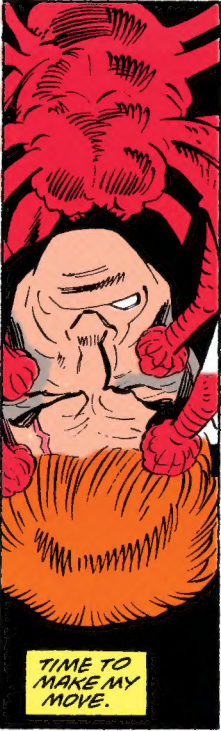
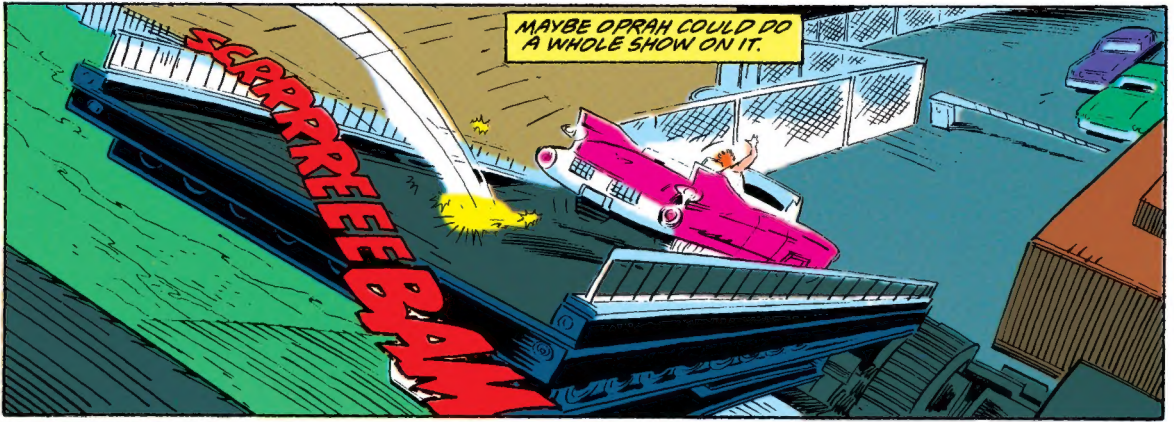
I JUST STOLE IT
OFF A PARKING LOT
IN ROSEDALE.

NOT
BAD,
HUN?

NOT
BAD,
HUN?

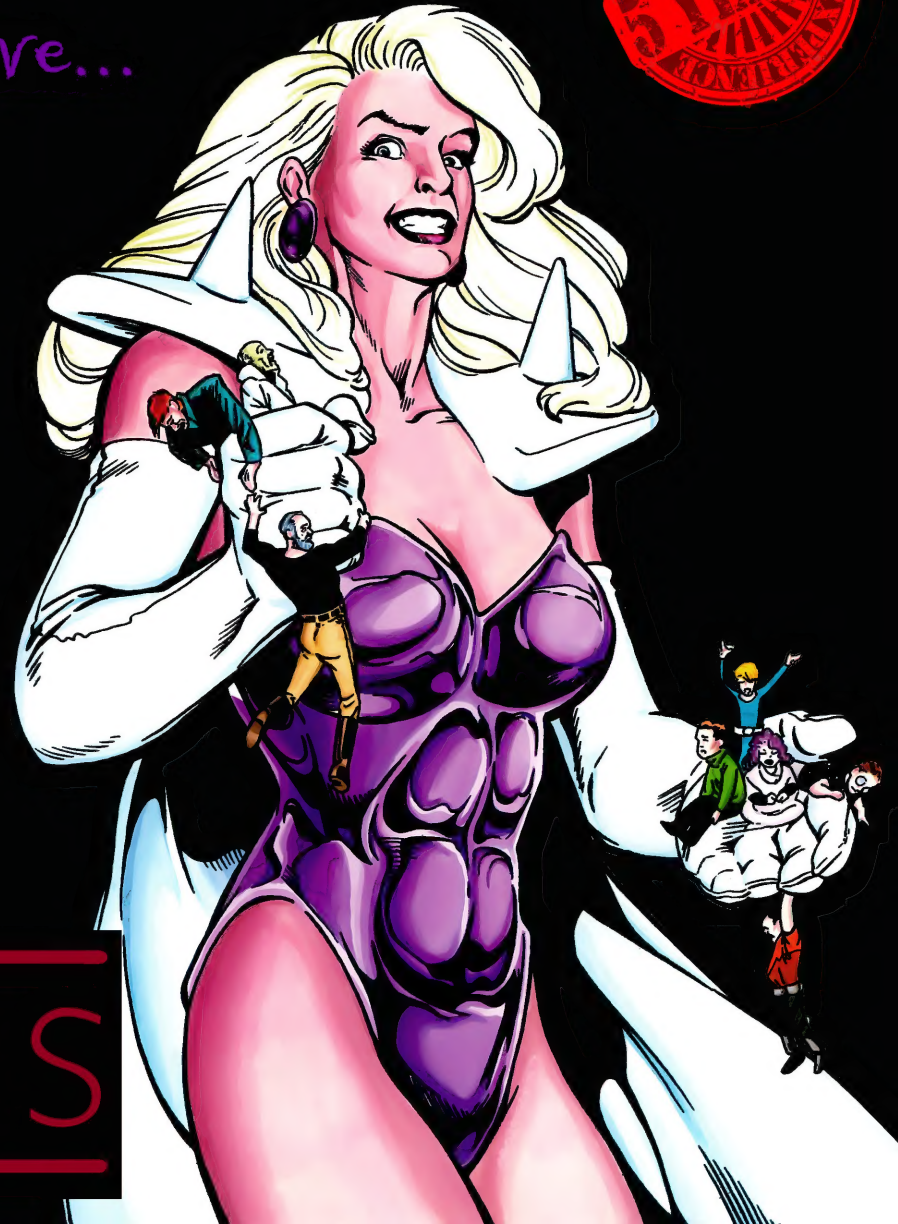
NOT
BAD,
HUN?





NEXT: INSIDE-OUT / OUTSIDE-IN!

From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH

NOVUS